

NO QUARTER

the goddamn ants
under my patio won't surrender
stubborn little shits

i repeatedly
spray 'em, stomp 'em, drown 'em

once even
sealing the seams
with cement caulk

the industrious bastards
moved in heavy equipment
and blasting powder

i retaliated
with boiling hot water
& a more potent poison

now it's
a classic mexican standoff
they're holed up

inside an ant alamo
i dance on the roof
humming the Degtello

awaiting another fatal foray

ants, sex and editors
who send rejection slips

anything's fair
in love and war and poetry



S. K. Morgan